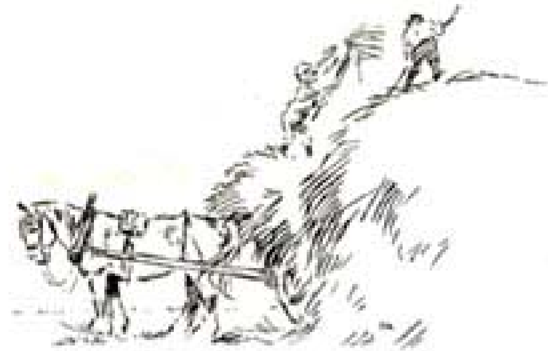
The Beautiful Book of Nursery Rhymes

Frank Adams

The Beautiful Book of Nursery Rhymes by Frank Adams

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She went a little further and
she met an Ox. So she said:-
"Ox, Ox, drink Water!
Water won't quench Fire,
Fire won't burn Stick,
Stick won't beat Dog,
Dog won't bite Pig,
Pig won't get over the Stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

THE·STORY of OLD·MOTHER·HUBBARD AND·HER·DOG

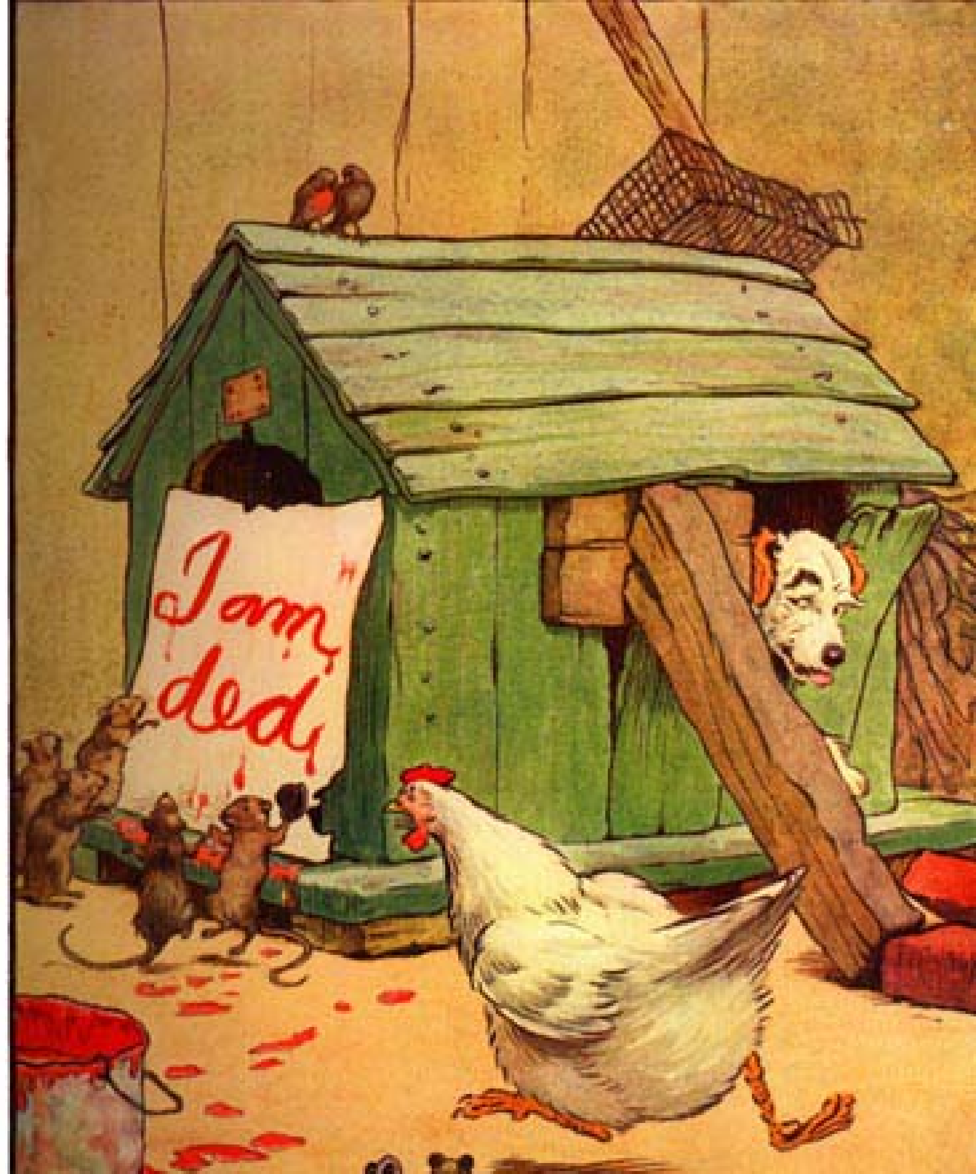
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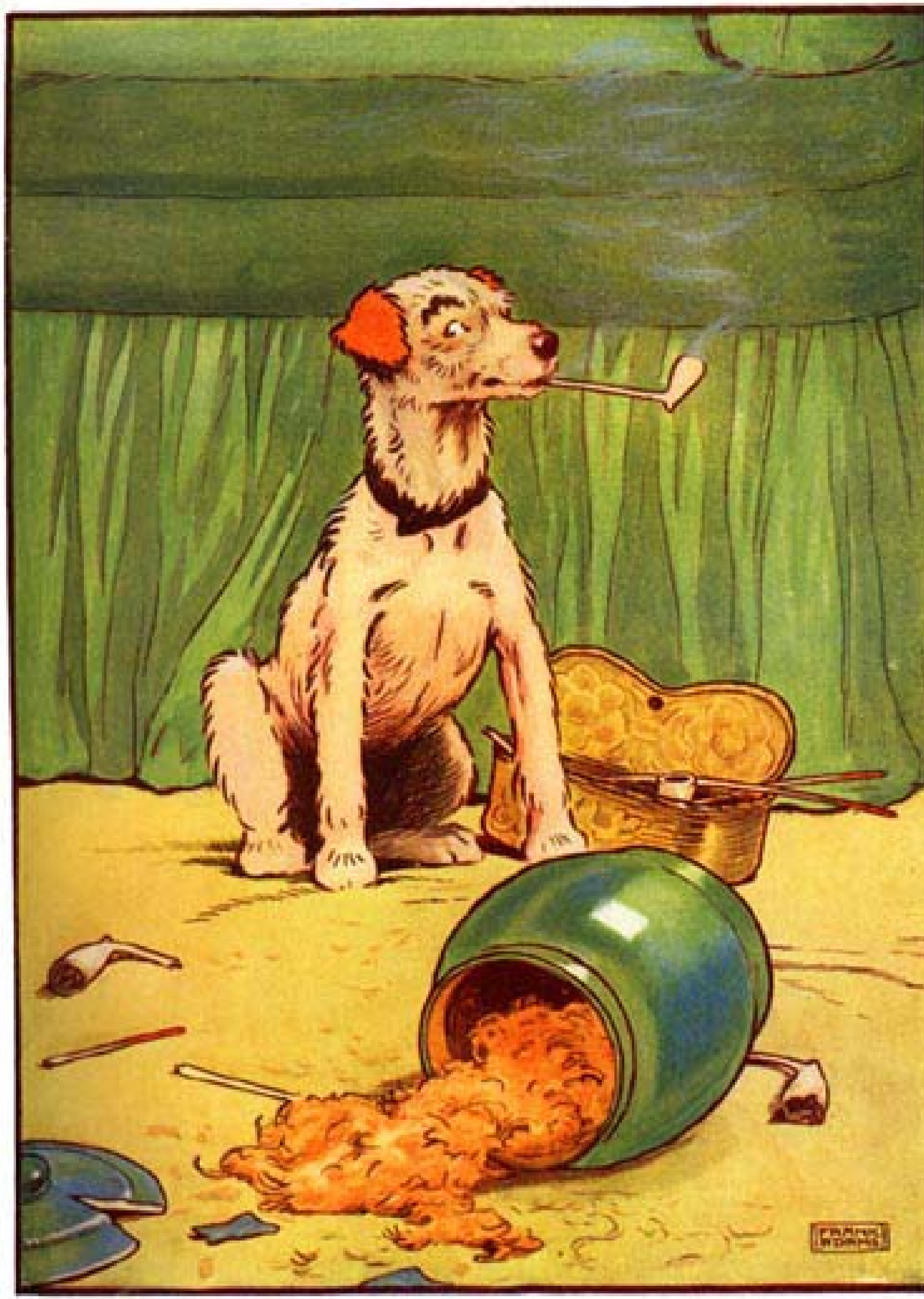


She·went·to·the·Baker's
To·buy·him·some·bread:
When·she·came·back,
The·poor Dog·was·dead.





She·took·a·clean·dish
 To·get·him·some·tripe:
When·she·came·back,
 He·was·smoking·a·pipe.



She·went·to·the·Alehouse
To·get·him·some·beer:
When·she·came·back,
The·Dog·sat·in·a·chair.







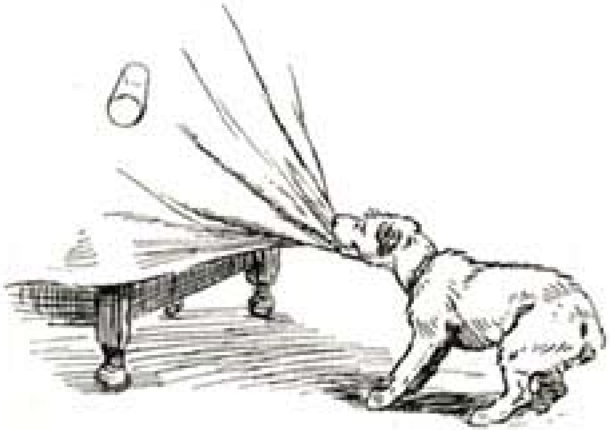
She·went·to·a·Tavern
For·white·wine·and·red:
When·she·came·back,
The·Dog·stood·on·his·head.



She·went·to·the·Hatter's
To·buy·him·a·hat:
When·she·came·back,
He·was·feeding·the·cat.







She·went·to·the·Fishmonger's
To·buy·him·some·fish:
But·when·she·came·back,
He·was·licking·the·dish.



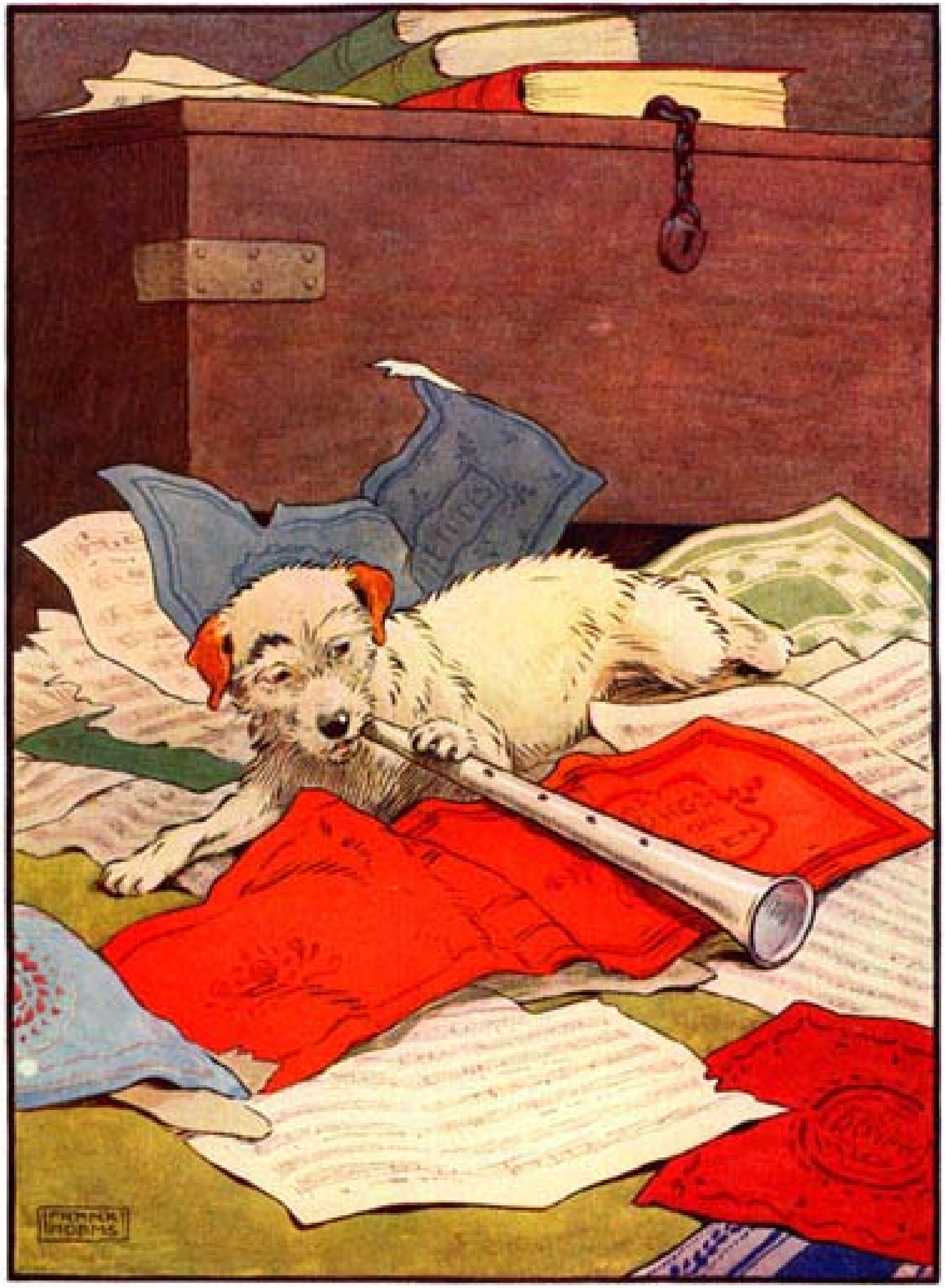
She went to the Barber's
To buy him a wig:
When she came back,
He was dancing a jig.







She·went·to·the·Fruiterer's
To·buy·him·some·fruit:
When·she·came·back,
He·was·playing·the·flute.



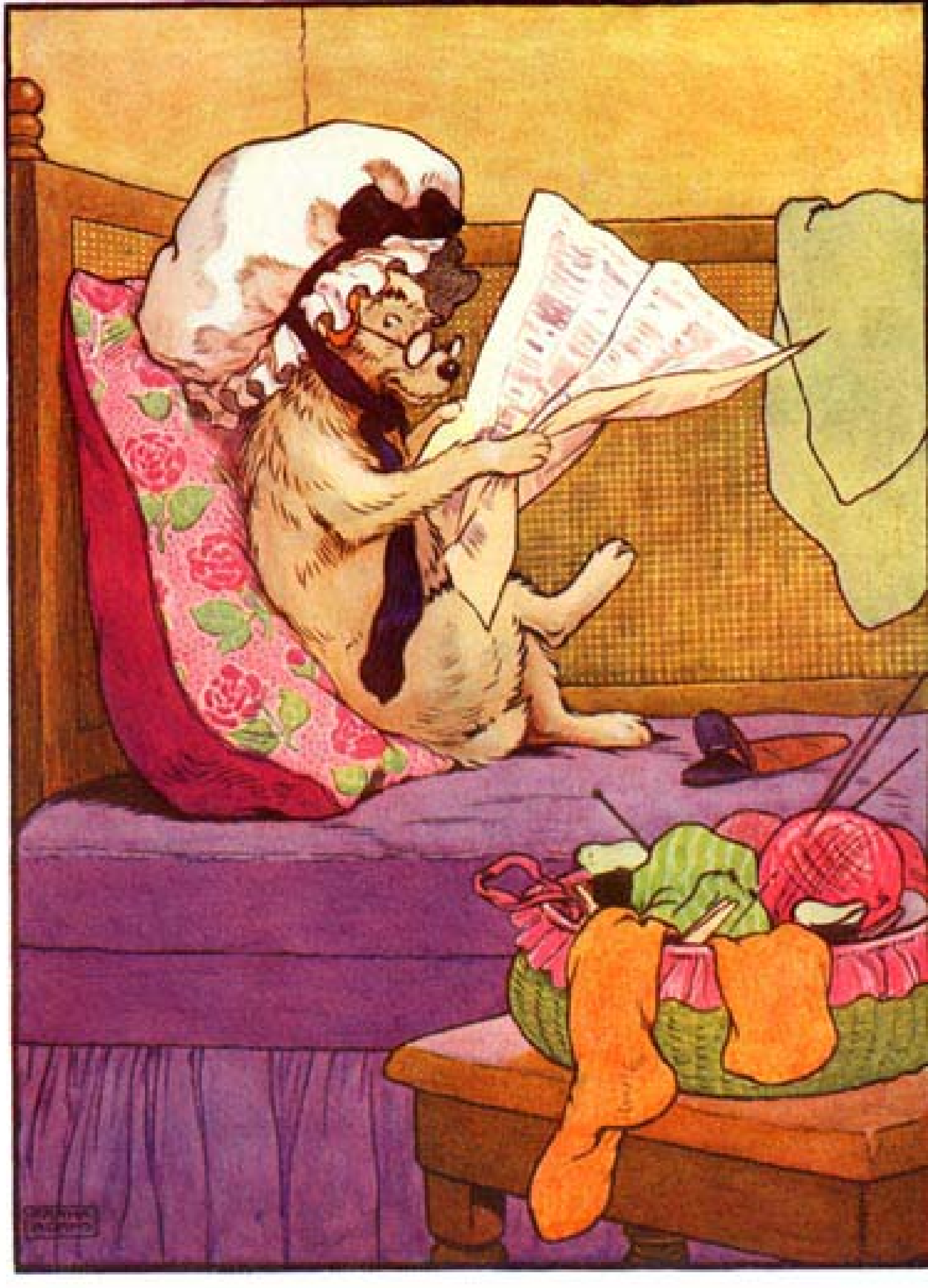
She·went·to·the·Tailor's
To·buy·him·a·coat:
When·she·came·back,
He·was·riding·a·goat.





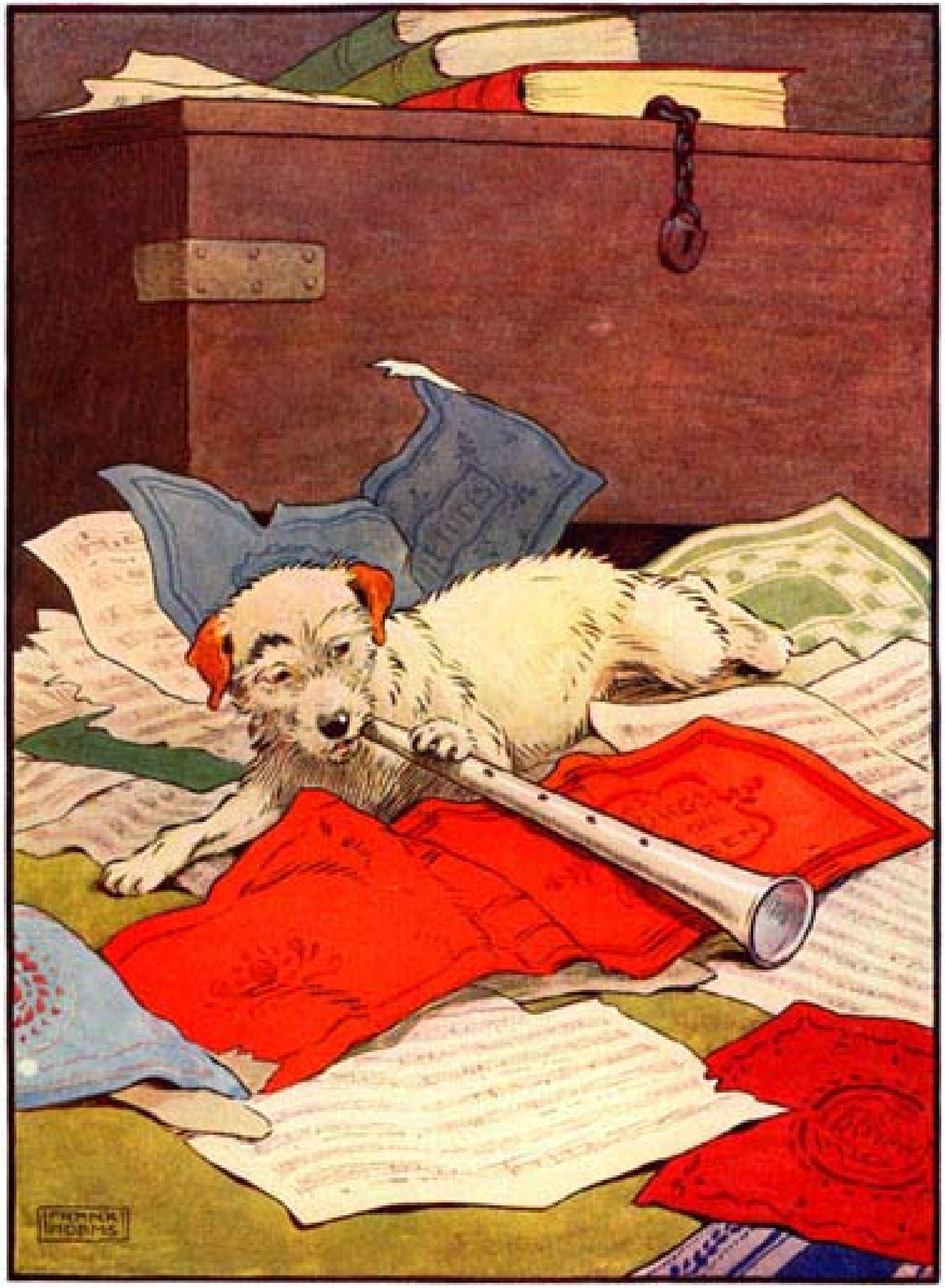
She·went·to·the·Cobbler's
To·buy·him·some·shoes:
When·she·came·back,
He·was·reading·the·news.







She·went·to·the·Fruiterer's
To·buy·him·some·fruit:
When·she·came·back,
He·was·playing·the·flute.

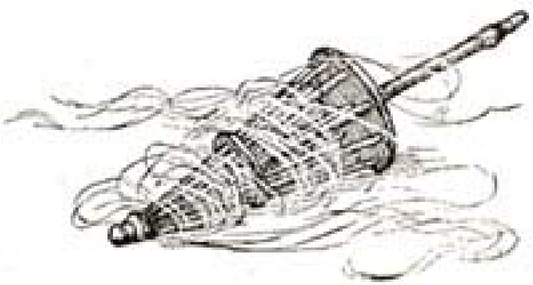




She·went·to·the·Hosier's
To·buy·him·some·hose:
When·she·came·back,
He·was·dressed·in·his·clothes.



She·went·to·the·Sempster's
To·buy·him·some·linen:
When·she·came·back,
The·Dog·was·spinning.





The·Dame·made·a·curtsey,
The·Dog·made·a·bow:
The·Dame·said–"Your·servant,"
The·Dog·said–"Bow-wow!"







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THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

THE·STORY of·the THREE LITTLE·PIGS

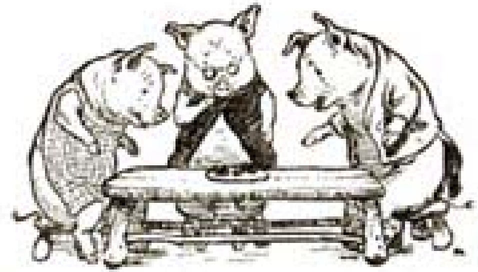
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nce·upon·a·time·there·were·three little·Pigs·whose·mother·was·too poor·to·give·them·all·as·much·food·as they·wanted. So,when·they·were·big enough·to·take·care·of·themselves,she turned·them·out·of·the·home-sty,to find·their·own·living.

As·the·first·little·Pig·trudged·through the·world,seeking·his·fortune,he·met·a man·carrying·a·truss·of·straw. "If·you please,Sir," said·he, "will·you·give·me that·straw·to·build·a·house·with?"





And·because·of·his·good·manners the·man·gave·him·the·truss·of·straw, and·the·little·Pig·built·a·house·with·it, and·sat·down·inside.

By·and·by·a·Wolf·came·along, and smelling·the·Pig·said: "Little·Pig, little·Pig, let·me·come·in."

But·the·Pig·knew·the·Wolf's·voice, so·he·replied: "No, no, by·the·hair·on my·chinny-chin-chin!"

"Then," said·the·Wolf, "I'll·huff·and I'll·puff·and·I'll·blow·your·house·in." So·he·huffed·and·he·puffed·till·he blew·the·house·of·straw·in; and·then he·ate·up·the·little·Pig.





As the second little Pig trudged through the world, seeking his fortune, he met a man carrying a bundle of furze.

"If you please, Sir," said he, "will you give me that bundle of furze to build a house with?"

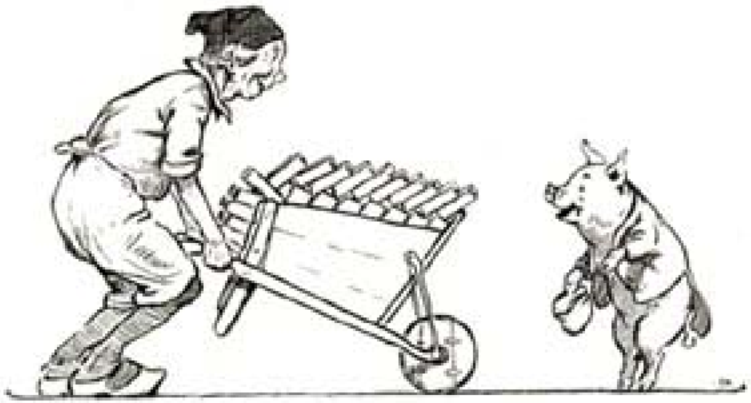
And, because he was polite, the man gave him the bundle of furze, and the little Pig built a house and sat down inside it.

By and by the Wolf came along and saw the house and smelt the Pig. Then he knocked at the door and said — "Little Pig, little Pig, let me come in."

But the Pig peeped through the keyhole and saw the Wolf's ears, so he replied: "No, no, by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin."

"Then," said the Wolf, "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in." So he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed, till at last he blew the house of furze in; and then he ate up the little pig.





As·the·third·little·Pig·trudged·through the·world,seeking·his·fortune, he·met a·man·carrying·a·load·of·bricks.

"If·you·please,Sir," said·he,"will·you give·me·those·bricks·to·build·a·house·with?"

And·because·he·was·well-behaved, the man·gave·him·the·load·of·bricks, and the·little·Pig·built·a·house·and·sat down·inside·it.



By and by the Wolf came along, and saw the house and smelt the Pig. Then he knocked at the door and said: "Little Pig, little Pig, let me come in."

But the Pig peeped through the crack under the door, and saw the Wolf's paws, so he replied, as his brothers had done: "No, no, by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin."

"Then," said the Wolf, "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in." So he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed till he was out of breath: but he could not blow the house of bricks in.





And when he saw that after all his huffing and puffing the house stood firm, he said: "Little Pig, little Pig, I can tell you where there are some nice turnips."

"Where?" asked the little Pig, still safe inside.

"In the field at the top of the lane," replied the cunning Wolf, "and if you will be ready at six o'clock tomorrow morning, we will get some for dinner."

"Yes, I will be ready," said the little Pig.

Next day the little Pig got up at five o'clock, and ran quickly to the field at the top of the lane and found some turnips which he took home for dinner.

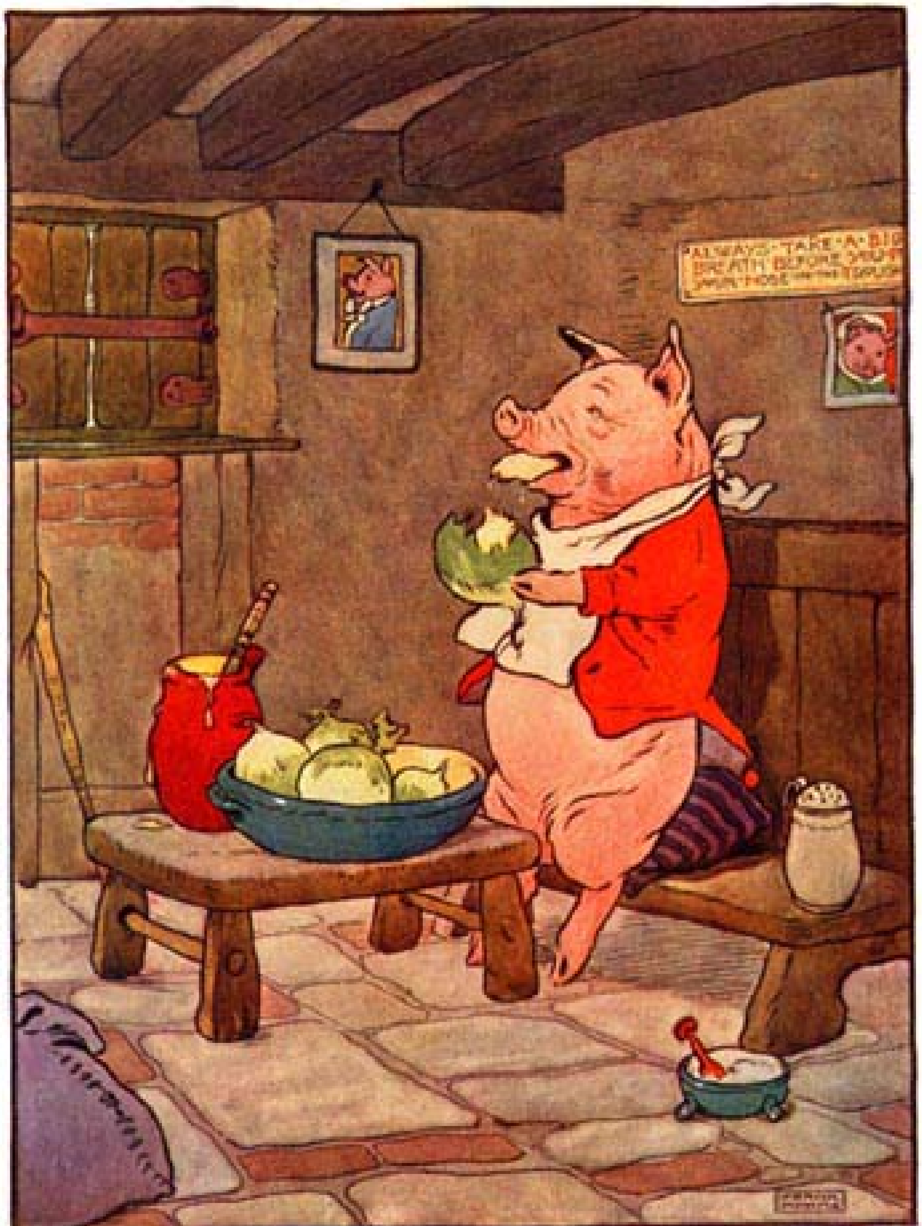






At·six·o'clock·the·Wolf·knocked at·the·door·and·said: "Little·Pig, I·am waiting·for·you."

"Pray·dont·wait·any·longer," replied the·little·Pig, "for·I·have·been·to·the field·and·come·back, and·I·have·a big·dish·of·nice·turnips·for·dinner."



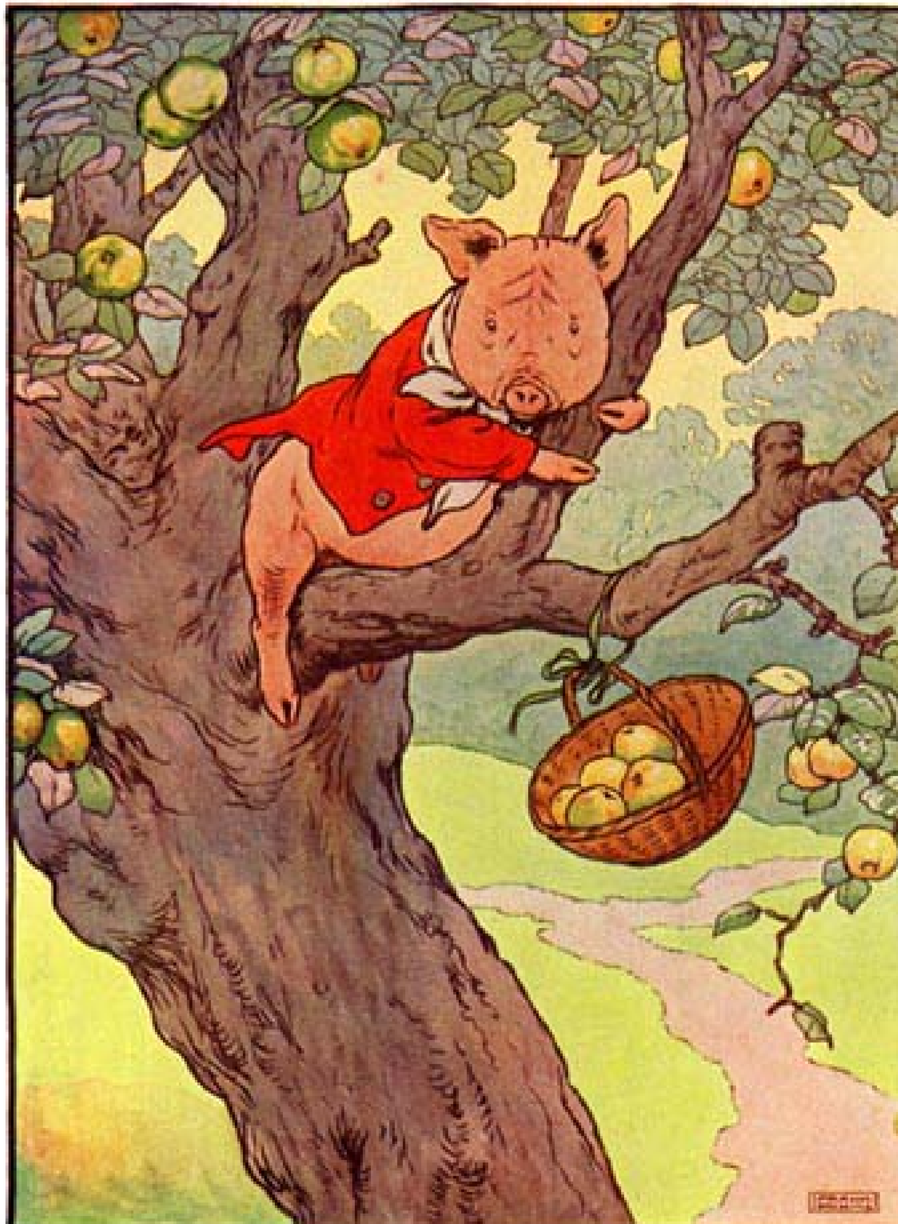
When the Wolf heard this he felt very angry, but he made his voice smooth and said: "Little Pig, little Pig, I know where there are some nice apples."

"Where?" asked the little Pig, without opening the door.

"On a tree at the bottom of the lane," replied the Wolf, "and if you will be ready at five o'clock tomorrow morning, I will take you there, and we will get some for dinner."

"Yes, I will be ready," said the little Pig.

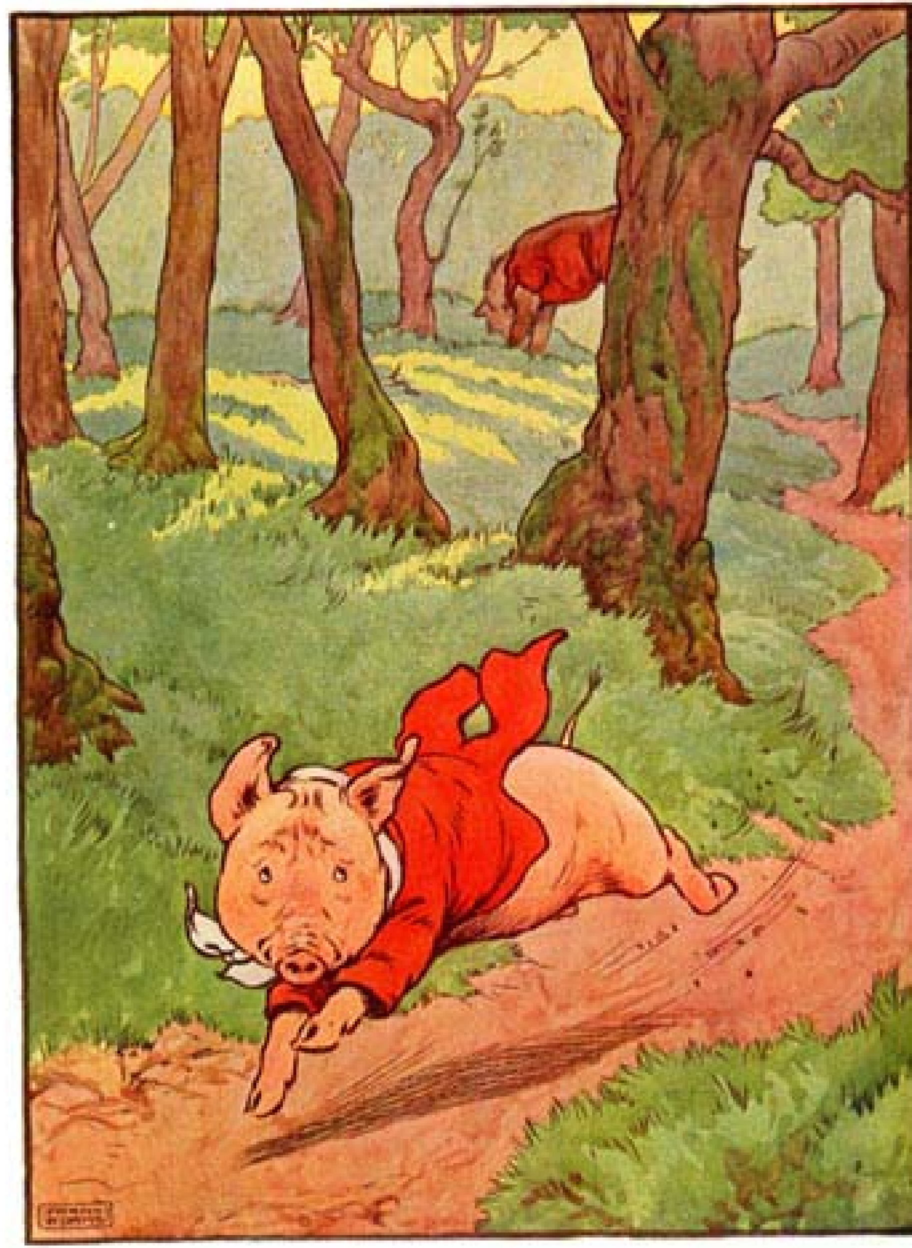
Next day the little Pig got up at four o'clock, and hurried to the bottom of the lane, and climbed the apple-tree. He had picked a lot of nice apples, and was just going to jump down and run home when he saw the Wolf coming. So he stayed where he was, feeling very frightened. The Wolf came to the foot of the tree, and grinned till he showed all his sharp teeth.



"Little Pig," said he, "why did you not wait for me?"

"I was so hungry that I could not wait," replied the little Pig. "Let me throw you down one of the apples, that you may taste it and see how nice they are." And he threw an apple so far that, while the Wolf was gone to pick it up, he had time to jump down from the tree and run away home.







Next day the Wolf came again to the Pig's house and knocked at the door and said: "Little Pig, little Pig, there is to be a fair on the hill this afternoon. Will you go with me?"

"Yes," replied the little Pig, "I will go. What time will you call for me?"

"At three o'clock," replied the Wolf.

But, as usual, the little Pig started before the Wolf came, and visited the fair, where he bought a butter-churn. He was carrying it home, when he saw the Wolf a long way off, trotting up the hill. Then, as he was very frightened, and could think of nothing better to do, he hid himself in the churn. But as he jumped in, the churn fell on its side, and began to roll over and over down the hill, with the Pig inside.



The Wolf, seeing a strange round thing coming towards him, was so much alarmed that he ran away home as fast as his legs would take him without visiting the fair.





At the bottom of the hill the little pig got out of the churn and went into his house, and soon after he was safely inside, the Wolf knocked at the door and said: "Little Pig, I could not go to the fair, for a great round thing ran after me down the hill and drove me home."

"Ha!" replied the little Pig, with a chuckle, "that was my butter-churn, which I bought at the fair, and I was inside it."

Then the Wolf was very angry, and declared that he would climb down the chimney of the house, and eat the little Pig up; and he began to scramble on to the roof.





But while he did this, the little Pig stirred the fire to a blaze, and hung a large pot full of water over it. And when he heard a noise in the chimney, he lifted the lid of the pot, and the Wolf tumbled into the water with a splash. Then the little Pig boiled him, and ate him for supper. And after that he lived happily for the rest of his life in the house of bricks.







SING A SONG
OF SIXPENCE

SING · A · SONG *of* SIXPENCE

ILLUSTRATED · BY

FRANK · ADAMS

THE DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK







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Sing·a·Song·
of·Sixpence



Sing a Song of Sixpence



Pockets · full of · Rye;







Four-and-twenty Blackbirds





Baked · in a · Pie.



When the Pie was opened,





The Birds began to sing.





Was not that
a dainty dish
To set before
a King?





The King was in his counting-house Counting out his money.







The · Queen · was
in · her · Parlour,
Eating · bread
and · honey.



The·Maid·was in·the·Garden Hanging·out the·clothes.







Down · came
a · Blackbird.



And·snapped·off her·nose.





L'ENVOI

The·King·took·solemn
counsel
With·all·his·wisest·men,
Who·made·the·sage·suggestion
To·pop·it·on·again!
[The·Artist·is·extending
This·rhyme·with·something·new:
It·makes·a·happy·ending,
Why·shouldn't·it·be·true?]





LITTLE JACK SPRAT

THE STORY of LITTLE JACK-SPRAT

Illustrated by

FRANK ADAMS

THE DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK





Jack·Sprat·could·eat·no·fat,
His·wife·could·eat·no·lean,
And·so·between·them·both
They·licked·the·platter·clean.



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Jack·ate·all·the·lean,
Joan·ate·all·the·fat,
The·bone·they·picked·clean,
And·gave·it·to·the·cat.





When·Jack·Sprat·was·young,
He·dressed·very·smart:
He·courted·Joan·Cole,
And·captured·her·heart.
In·his·fine·leather·doublet,
And·greasy·old·hat,
Oh! what·a·smart·fellow
Was·little·Jack·Sprat.

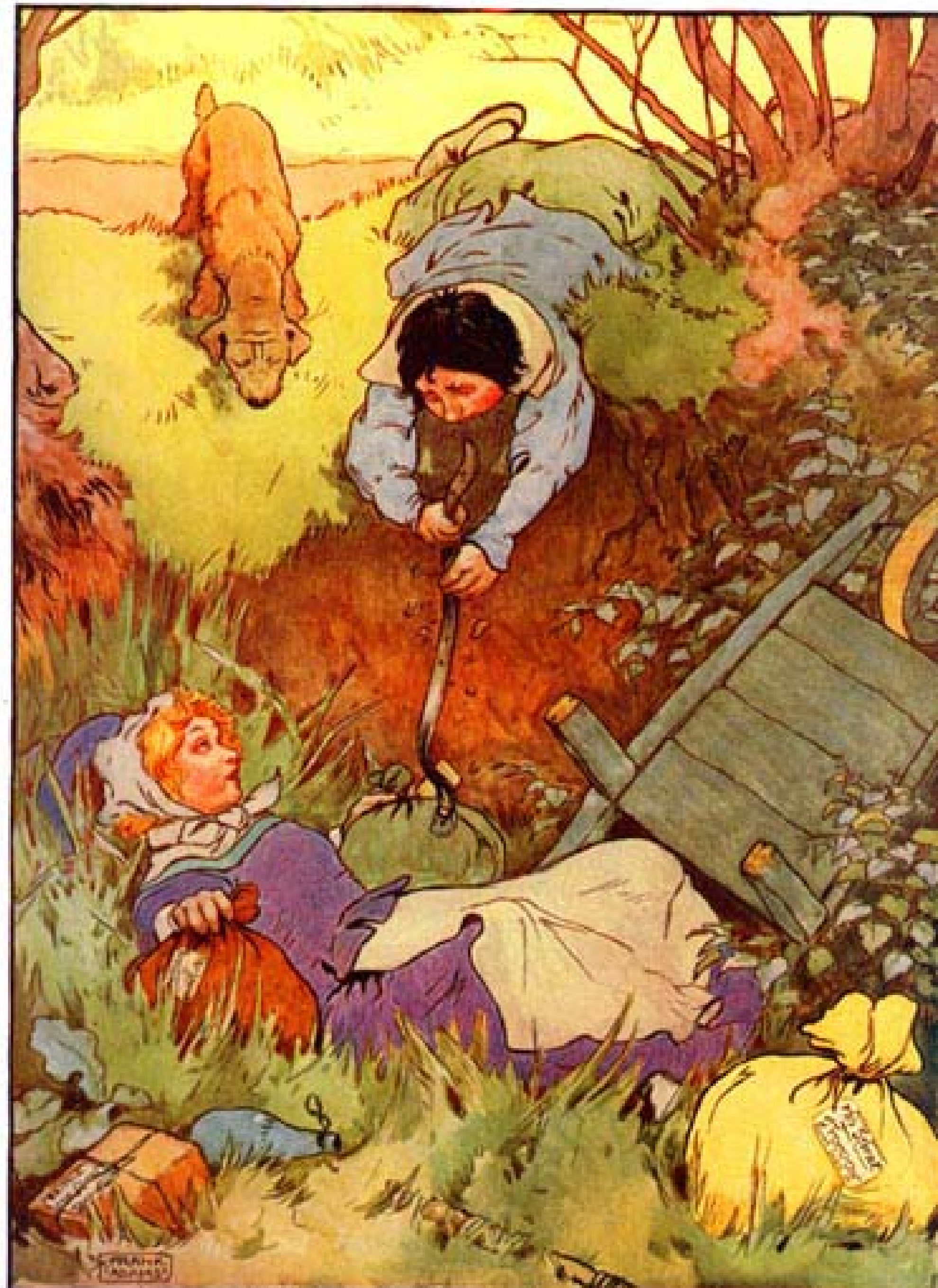


Joan·Cole·had·a·hole
In·her·new·petticoat;
To·get·her·a·patch,
Jack·gave·her·a·groat.
The·groat·bought·a·patch,
Which·covered·the·hole:
"I·thank·you, Jack·Sprat,"
Said·little·Joan·Cole.



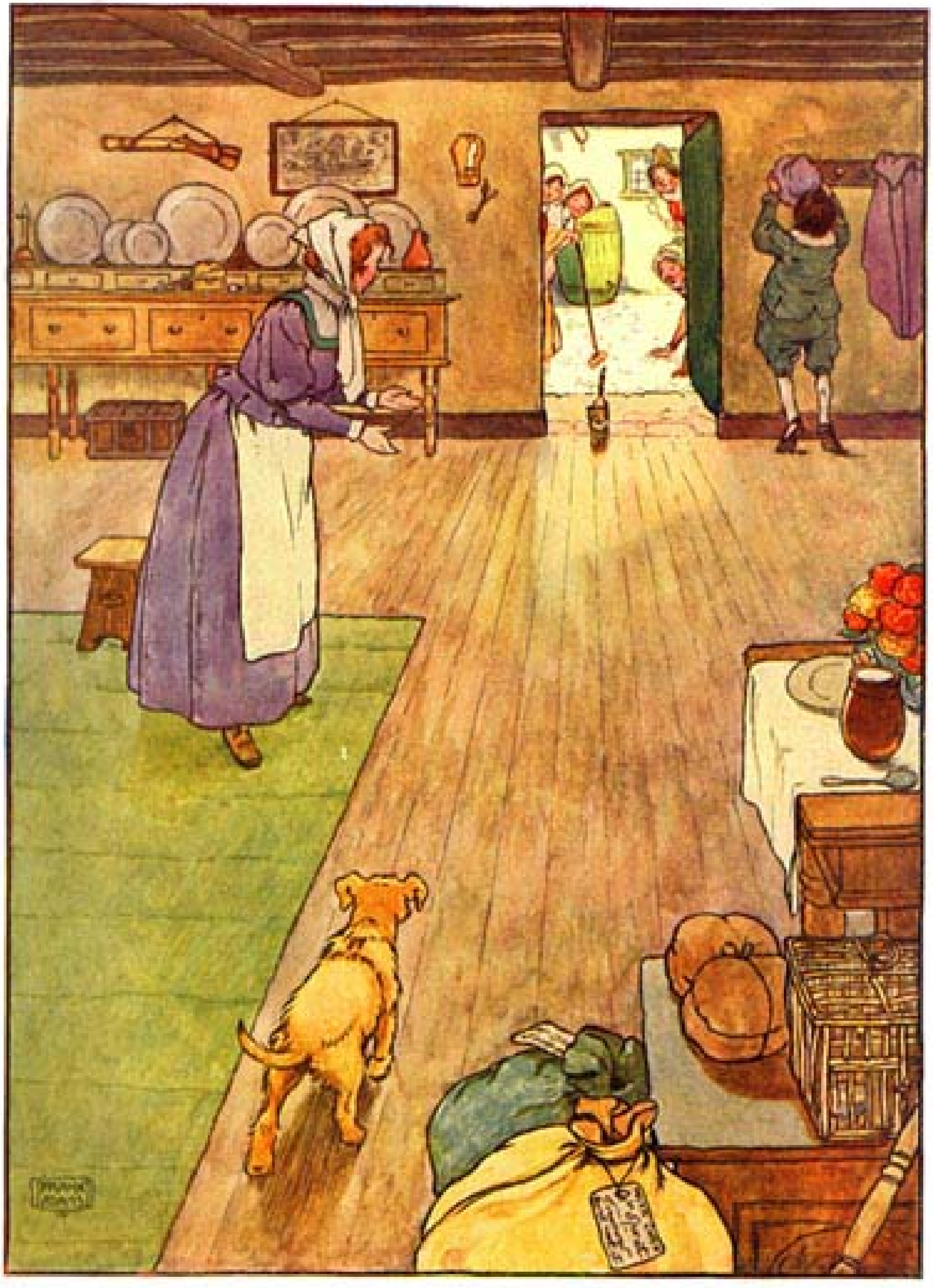


Jack·Sprat·was·the·bridegroom,
Joan·Cole·was·the·bride;
Jack·said·from·the·church
His·wife·home·should·ride.
But·no·coach·could·take·her,
The·lane·was·so·narrow.
Said·Jack,"Then·I'll·take·her
Home·in·a·wheelbarrow."
As·Jack·Sprat·was·wheeling
His·wife·by·the·ditch,
The·barrow·turn'd·over,
And·in·she·did·pitch.
Says·Jack,"She'll·be·drown'd!"
But·his·Joan·made·reply,
"I·don't·think·I·shall,
For·the·ditch·is·quite·dry."





Jack·brought·home·his·Joan,
And·she·sat·in·a·chair,
When·in·came·his·pussy,
Who·had·but·one·ear.
Says·Joan,"I'm·come·home, Puss,
Pray·how·do·you·do?"
The·cat·wagged·her·tail,
But·said·nothing·but "Mew!"







Jack·Sprat·took·his·gun
And·went·to·the·brook:
He·aimed·at·the·drake
But·he·slaughtered·the·duck.

He·brought·it·to·Joan,
Who·a·fire·did·make
To·roast·the·fat·duck,
While·Jack·went·for·the·drake.

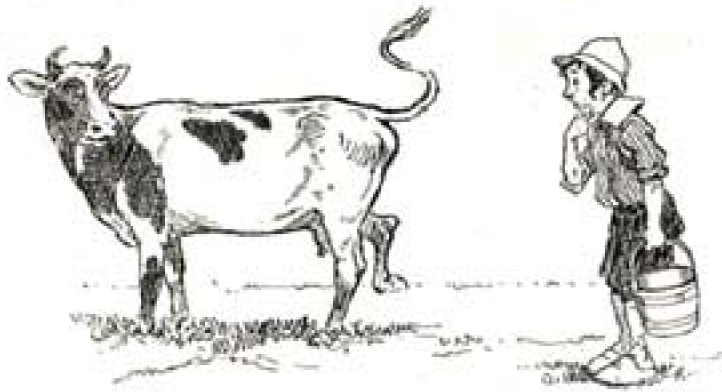
The·drake·swam ... d
With·his·nice·curly·tail,
Jack·Sprat·came·to·shoot·him
But·happen ·to·fail.
He·let·off·his·gun
But·went·wide·of·the·mark:
The·drake·flew·away
With·a·mocking
Quack! Quack!



Jack·Sprat·to·live·pretty
Now·bought·him·a·pig;
It·was·not·very·little
Nor·yet·very·big.
It·was·not·very·lean,
It·was·not·very·fat;
"T'will·serve·for·a·grunter,"
Said·Little·Jack·Sprat.

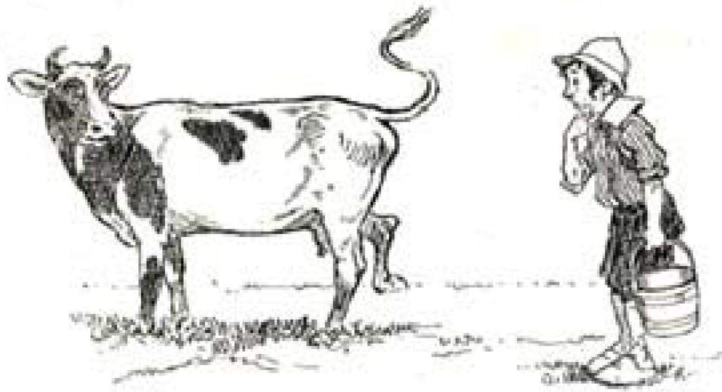






Jack·Sprat·bought·a·cow
His·Joan·for·to·please,
For·Joan·she·could·make
Splendid·butter·and·cheese,
Or·pancakes·or·puddings
Without·any·fat;
A·notable·housewife
Was·little·Joan·Sprat.





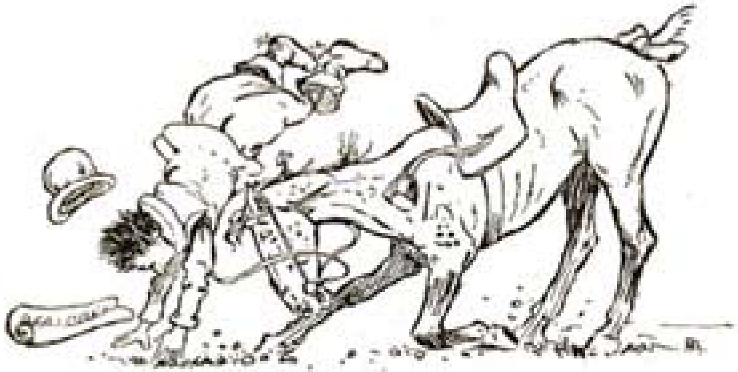
Jack·Sprat·bought·a·cow
His·Joan·for·to·please,
For·Joan·she·could·make
Splendid·butter·and·cheese,
Or·pancakes·or·puddings
Without·any·fat;
A·notable·housewife
Was·little·Joan·Sprat.



Jack and Joan went abroad,
Puss took care of the house;
She caught a large rat,
And a very small mouse.
She caught a small mouse,
And a very large rat;
"You're an excellent hunter,"
Says little Jack Sprat.







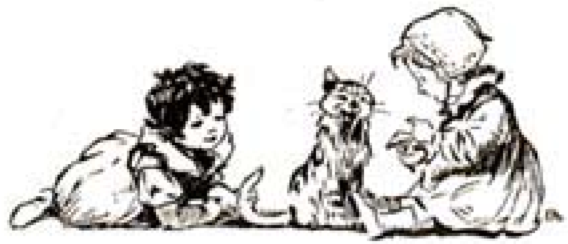
Jack·Sprat·went·to·market
And·bought·him·a·mare;
She·was·lame·of·three·legs,
And·her·ribs·they·were·bare.
She·was·blind·of·both·eyes,
And·the·mare·had·no·fat.
"She·looks·like·a·racer,"
Says·little·Jack·Sprat.



Now·Jack·has·got·rich,
And·has·plenty·of·pelf,
If·you·know·any·more,
You·may·tell·it·yourself.



Now·I've·told·you·the·story
Of·little·Jack·Sprat,
And·of·little·Joan·Cole
And·the·poor·one-eared·cat.
Now·Jack·loved·his·Joan
And·some·good·things·he
taught·her;
Then·she·gave·him·a·son
And·a·dear·little·daughter.







OLD DAME TROT
AND HER PIG



THE · STORY of OLD · DAME · TROT AND · HER · PIG

ILLUSTRATED · BY FRANK · ADAMS



THE DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK



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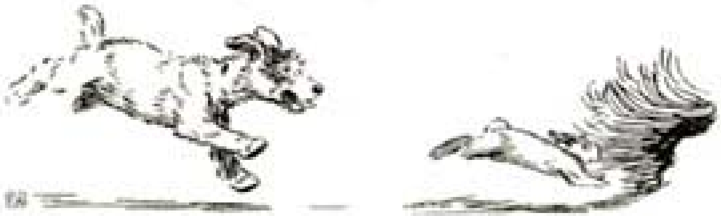


An · old · woman , sweeping her · house , found · a · crooked sixpence .

"What," said · she, "shall · I do · with · this · little · sixpence? I · will · go · to · market · and · buy a · little · Pig."

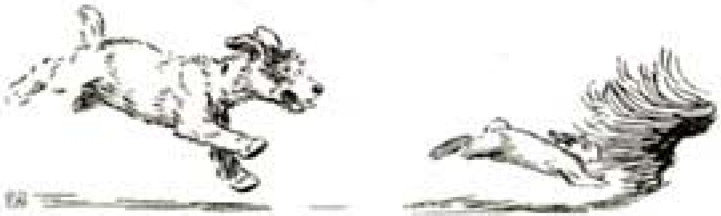
As · she · was · coming · home she · came · to · a · Stile , but · the Pig · would · not · get · over · the Stile .



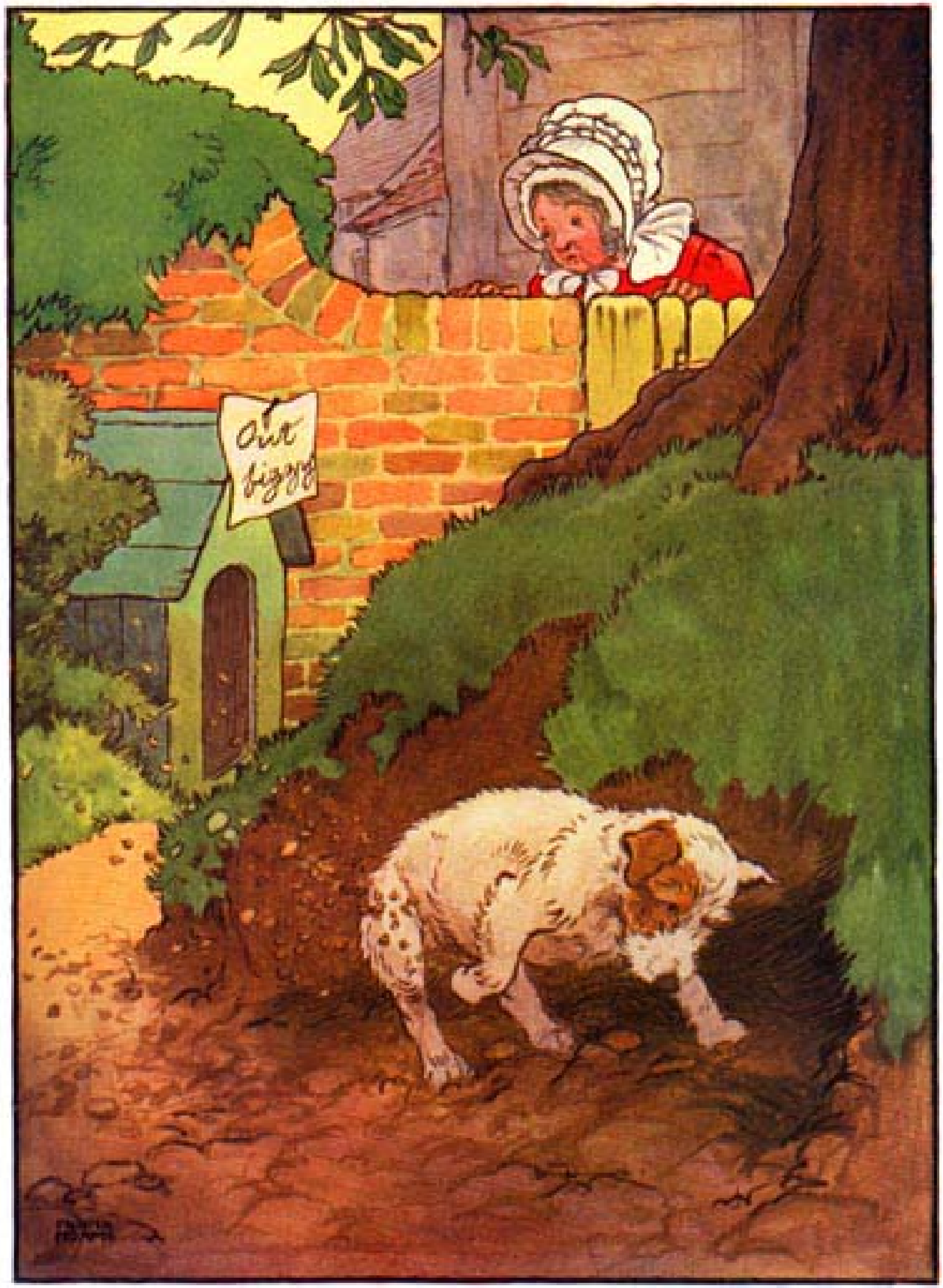


She·went·a·little·further·and
she·met·a·Dog. So·she·said:-
"Dog, Dog, bite·Pig!
Pig·won't·get·over·the·Stile
And·I·shan't·get·home·to-night."
But·the·Dog·would·not.

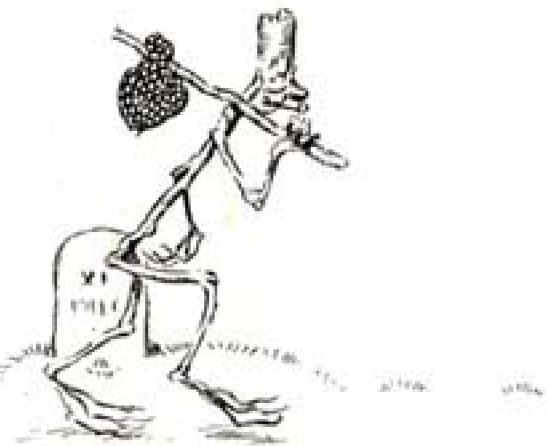




She·went·a·little·further·and
she·met·a·Dog. So·she·said:-
"Dog, Dog, bite·Pig!
Pig·won't·get·over·the·Stile
And·I·shan't·get·home·to-night."
But·the·Dog·would·not.



She·went·a·little·further·and
she·met·a·Stick. So·she·said:-
"Stick, Stick, beat·Dog!
Dog·won't·bite·Pig,
Pig·won't·get·over·the·Stile,
And·I·shan't·get·home·to-night."
But·the·Stick·would·not.







She·went·a·little·further·and
she·met·a·Fire. So·she·said:–
"Fire, Fire, burn·Stick!
Stick·won't·beat·Dog,
Dog·won't·bite·Pig,
Pig·won't·get·over·the·Stile
And·I·shan't·get·home·to-night."
But·the·Fire·would·not.



She went a little further and
she met some Water. So she said:-
"Water, Water, quench Fire!
Fire won't burn Stick,
Stick won't beat Dog,
Dog won't bite Pig,
Pig won't get over the Stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."
But the Water would not.



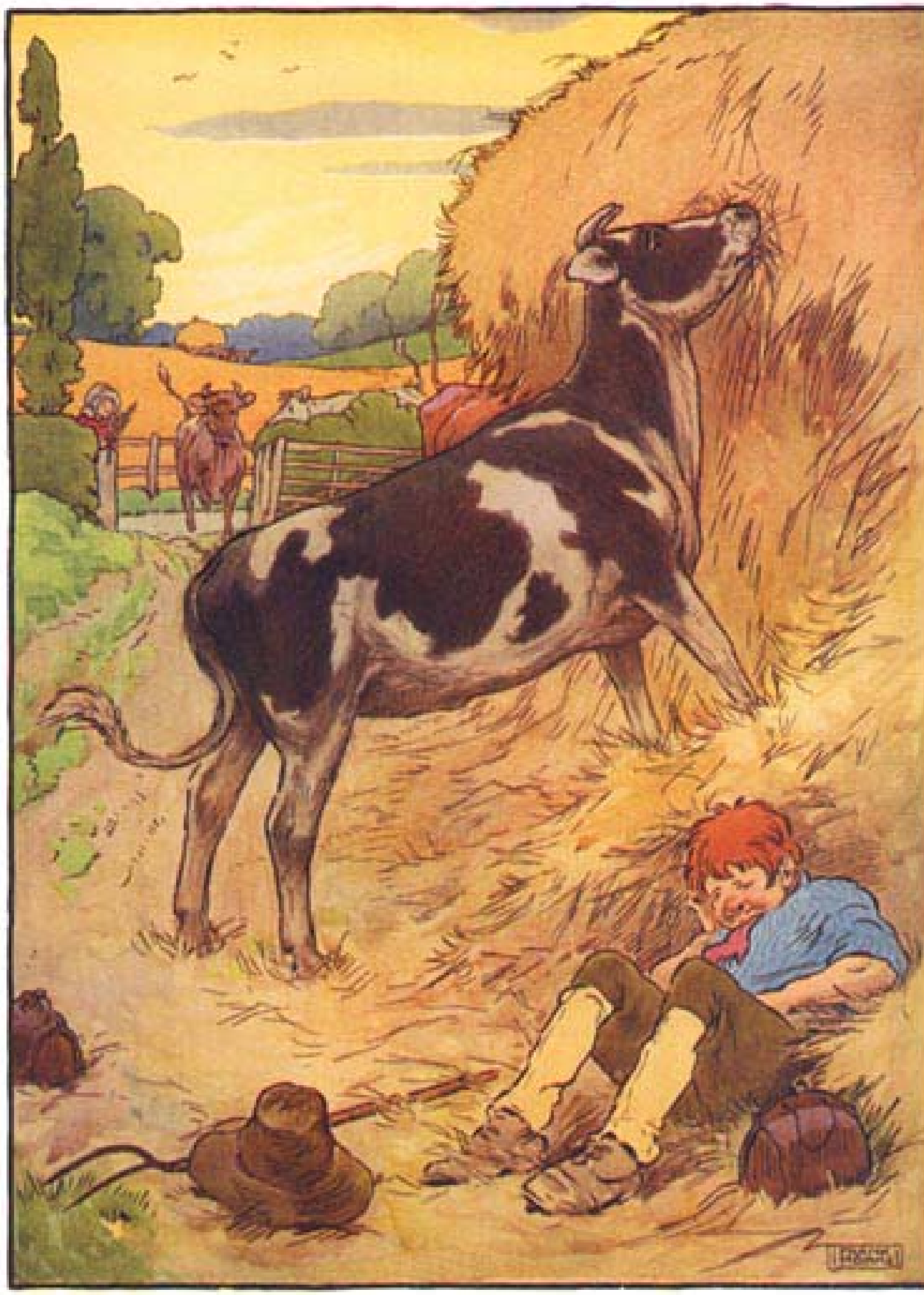






But · the · Ox · would · not !







She · went · a · little · further · and
she · met · a · Butcher. So · she · said:-
"Butcher, Butcher, kill · Ox!
Ox · won't · drink · Water,
Water · won't · quench · Fire,
Fire · won't · burn · Stick,
Stick · won't · beat · Dog,
Dog · won't · bite · Pig,
Pig · won't · get · over · the · Stile,
And · I · shan't · get · home · to-night."
But · the · Butcher · would · not.





She went a little further and
she met a Butcher. So she said:-
"Butcher, Butcher, kill Ox!
Ox won't drink Water,
Water won't quench Fire,
Fire won't burn Stick,
Stick won't beat Dog,
Dog won't bite Pig,
Pig won't get over the Stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."
But the Butcher would not.



She went a little further and
she met a Rope. So she said:-

"Rope, Rope, hang Butcher!
Butcher wont kill Ox,
Ox won't drink Water,
Water won't quench Fire,
Fire won't burn Stick,
Stick won't beat Dog,
Dog won't bite Pig,
Pig won't get over the Stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the Rope would not.





She·went·a·little·further·and
she·met·a·Rat. So·she·said:-

"Rat, Rat, gnaw·Rope!
Rope·won't·hang·Butcher,
Butcher·won't·kill·Ox,
Ox·won't·drink·Water,
Water·won't·quench·Fire,
Fire·won't·burn·Stick,
Stick·won't·beat·Dog,
Dog·won't·bite·Pig,
Pig·won't·get·over·the·Stile,
And·I·shan't·get·home·to-night."

But·the·Rat·would·not.



She went a little further and she met a Cat. So she said:-

"Cat, Cat, kill Rat!
Rat won't gnaw Rope,
Rope won't hang Butcher,
Butcher won't kill Ox,
Ox won't drink Water,
Water won't quench Fire,
Fire won't burn Stick,
Stick won't beat Dog,
Dog won't bite Pig,
Pig won't get over the Stile,
And I shan't get home
to-night."



The Cat said: "If you will
give me a saucer of milk,
I will kill the Rat."
So the old Woman gave the
Cat the milk and when she
had lapped it up —



The Cat began to kill the Rat,
The Rat began to gnaw the Rope,
The Rope began to hang the Butcher,
The Butcher began to kill the Ox,
The Ox began to drink the Water,
The Water began to quench the Fire,
The Fire began to burn the Stick,
The Stick began to beat the Dog,
The Dog began to bite the Pig,
The Pig jumped over the Stile,
And so the old Woman
got home that night.







The End